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The PRODIGAL JUDGE

The Famous Novel by

VAUGHAN KESTER

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

Carrington took up his station on the flat roof of the cabin which filled the stern of the boat. He was remembering that day all the sand Barony road—and during all the weeks and months that had intervened, Murrell, working in secret, had moved steadily toward the fulfillment of his desires! Unquestionably he had been back of the attack on Norton, had inspired his subsequent murder, and the man's sinister and mysterious power had never been suspected. Carrington knew that the horse-thieves and slave stealers were supposed to maintain a loosely knit association; he wondered if Murrell were not the moving spirit in some such organization.

"If I'd only pushed my quarrel with him!" he thought bitterly.

He heard Slosson's shuffling step in the distance, a word or two when he spoke gruffly to some one, and a moment later he saw Betty and the boy, their forms darkly silhouetted against the lighter sky as they moved along the top of the bank. Slosson, without any superfluous gallantry, helped his captives down the slope and aboard the keel boat, where he locked them in the cabin, the door of which fastened with a hasp and a wooden peg.

"You're boss now, pardner!" he said, joining Carrington at the steering oar.

"We'll cast off, then," answered Carrington.

Thus far nothing had occurred to mar his plans. If they could but quit the bayou before the arrival of the man whose place he had taken, the rest would be if not easy of accomplishment, at least within the realm of the possible.

"I reckon you're a river-man?" observed Slosson.

"All my life."

The line had been cast off, and the crew with their setting poles were forcing the boat away from the bank. All was quietly done; except for an occasional order from Carrington no word was spoken, and soon the unwieldy craft glided into the sluggish current and gathered way. Mr. Slosson, who clearly regarded his relation to the adventure as being of an official character, continued to stand at Carrington's elbow.

"What have we between here and the river?" inquired the latter. It was best, he felt, not to give Slosson an opportunity to ask questions.

"It narrows considerably, pardner, but it's a straight course," said Slosson. "Back in yonder, ain't it?" he added, nodding ahead.

The shores drew rapidly together; they were leaving the lake-like expanse behind. In the silence, above the rustling of the trees, Carrington heard the first fret of the river against its bank. Slosson yawned prodigiously.

"I reckon you ain't needing me?" he said.

"Better go up in the bow and get some sleep," advised Carrington, and Slosson, nothing loath, clambered down from the roof of the cabin and stumbled forward.

The ceaseless murmur of the rushing waters grew in the stillness as the keel boat drew nearer the hurrying yellow flood, and the beat of the Kentuckian's pulse quickened. Would he find the raft there? He glanced back over the way they had come. The dark ranks of the forest walled off the clearing, but across the water a dim point of light was visible. He fixed its position as somewhere near the head of the bayou. Apparently it was a lantern, but as he looked a ruddy glow crept up against the sky line.

From the bow Bunker had been observing this singular phenomenon. Suddenly he bent and roused Slosson, who had fallen asleep. The tavern-keeper sprang to his feet and Bunker pointed without speaking.

"Mebby you can tell me what that light back yonder means?" cried Slosson, addressing himself to Carrington; as he spoke he snatched up his rifle.

"That's what I'm trying to make out," answered Carrington.

"Hell!" cried Slosson, and tossed his gun to his shoulder.

What seemed to be a breath of wind lifted a stray lock of Carrington's hair, but his pistol answered Slosson in the same second. He fired at the huddle of men in the bow of the boat and one of them pitched forward with his arms outspread.

"Keep back, you!" he said, and dropped off the cabin roof.

His promptness had bred a momentary panic, then Slosson's bull-like voice began to roar commands; but in that brief instant of surprise and shock Carrington had found and withdrawn the wooden peg that fastened the cabin door. He had scarcely done this when Slosson came tramping aft supported by three men.

Calling to Betty and Hannibal to escape in the skiff which was towing astern the Kentuckian rushed toward the bow. At his back he heard the door creak on its hinges as it was pushed open by Betty and the boy and again he called to them to escape by the skiff. The fret of the current had grown steadily and from beneath the wide-flung branches of the trees which here met above his head, Carrington caught sight of the star-specked arch of the heavens beyond. They were issuing from the bayou. He felt the river snatch at the keel boat, the buffeting of some swift eddy, and saw the blunt bow swing off to the south as they were plunged into the black shore shadows.

But what he did not see was a big muscular hand which had thrust itself out of the impenetrable gloom and clutched the side of the keel boat. Coincident with this there arose a perfect babel of voices, high-pitched and shrill.

"Sho'—I bet it's him! Sho'—it's Uncle Bob's nevvy! Sho', you can hear 'em! Sho', they're shootin' guns! Sho'!"

Carrington cast a hurried glance in the direction of these sounds. There between the boat and the shore the dim outline of a raft was taking shape. It was now canopied by a wealth of pale gray smoke that faded from before his eyes as the darkness lifted. Turning, he saw Slosson and his men clearly. Surprise and consternation was depicted on each face.

The light increased. From the flat stone hearth of the raft ascended the tall column of flame which rendered visible six pigmy figures, tow-headed and wonderfully vocal, who were toiling like mad at the huge sweeps. The light showed more than this. It showed a lady of plump and pleasing presence smoking a cob pipe while she fed the fire from a tick stuffed with straw. It showed two bark shanties, a line between them decorated with the never-ending Cavendish wash. It showed a rooster perched on the ridge pole of one of these shanties in the very act of crowing lustily.

Hannibal, who had climbed to the roof of the cabin, shrieked for help, and Betty added her voice to his.

"All right, Nevvy!" came the cheerful reply, as Yancy threw himself over the side of the boat and grappled with Slosson.

"Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob!" cried Hannibal.

Slosson uttered a cry of terror. He had a simple but sincere faith in the supernatural, and even with the Scratch Hiller's big hands gripping his throat, he could not rid himself of the belief that this was the ghost of a murdered man.

"You'll take a dog's licking from me, neighbor?" said Yancy grimly. "I been saving it fo' you!"

Meanwhile Mr. Cavendish, whose proud spirit never greatly inclined him to the practice of peace, had prepared for battle. Springing aloft, he knocked his heels together.

"Whoop! I'm a man as can slide down a thorny locust and never get scratched!" he shouted. This was equivalent to setting his triggers; then he launched himself nimbly and with enthusiasm into the thick of the fight. It was Mr. Bunker's unfortunate privilege to sustain the onslaught of the earl of Lambeth.

The light from the Cavendish hearth continued to brighten the scene, for Polly was recklessly sacrificing her best straw tick. Indeed, her behavior was in every way worthy of the noble alliance she had formed. Her cob-pipe was not suffered to go out, and with Connie's help she kept the six small Cavendishes from risking life and limb in the keel boat, toward which they were powerfully drawn. Despite these activities she found time to call to Betty and Hannibal on the cabin roof.

"Jump down here; that ain't no fittin' place for you-all to stop in with them gentlemen fightin'!"

An instant later Betty and Hannibal stood on the raft with the little Cavendishes flocking about them. Mr. Yancy's quest of his nevvy had taken an enduring hold on their imagination. For weeks it had constituted their one vital topic, and the fight became merely a satisfying background for this interesting restoration.

"Sho', they'd got him! Sho'—he wan't no bigger than Richard! Sho'!"

"Oh!" cried Betty, with a fearful glance toward the keel boat. "Can't you stop them?"

"What fo'?" asked Polly, opening her black eyes very wide. "Bless yo' tender heart!—you don't need to worry none, we got them strange gentlemen licked like they was a passel of children! Connie, you-all mind that fire!"

She accurately judged the outcome of the fight. The boat was little better than a shambles with the havoc that had been wrought there when Yancy and Carrington dropped over its side to the raft. Cavendish followed them, whooping his triumph as he came.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Raft Again.

Yancy and Cavendish threw themselves on the sweeps and worked the raft clear of the keel boat, then the turbulent current seized the smaller craft and whirled it away into the night; as its black bulk receded from before his eyes the earl of Lambeth spoke with the voice of authority and experience.

"It was a good fight and them fellows done well, but not near well enough." A conclusion that could not be gainsaid. He added, "No one ain't hurt but them that had ought to have got hurt. Mr. Yancy's all right, and so's Mr. Carrington—who's mighty welcome here." The earl's shock of red hair was bristling like the mane of some angry animal and his eyes still flashed with the light of battle, but he managed to summon up an expression of winning friendliness.

"Mr. Carrington's kin to me, Polly," explained Yancy to Mrs. Cavendish. His voice was far from steady, for Hannibal had been gathered into his arms and had all but wrecked the stoic calm with which the Scratch Hiller was seeking to guard his emotions.

Polly smiled and dimpled at the Kentuckian. Trained to a romantic point of view she had a frank liking for handsome stalwart men. Cavendish was neither, but none knew better than Polly that where he was most lacking in appearance he was richest in substance. He carried scars honorably earned in those differences he had been prone to cultivate with less generous natures; for his scheme of life did not embrace the millennium.

"Thank God, you got here when you did!" said Carrington.

"We was some pushed fo' time, but we done it," remarked the earl modestly. He added, "What now?—do we make a landing?"

"No—unless it interferes with your plans not to. I want to get around the next bend before we tie up. Later we'll all go back. Can I count on you?"

"You shorely can. I consider this here as sociable a neighborhood as I ever struck. It pleases me well. Folks are up and doing hereabout."

Carrington looked eagerly around in search of Betty. She was sitting on an upturned tub, a pathetic enough figure as she drooped against the wall of one of the shanties with all her courage quite gone from her. He made his way quickly to her side.

"La!" whispered Polly in Chills and Fever's ear. If that pore young thing yonder keeps a widow it won't be because of any encouragement she gets from Mr. Carrington. If I ever seen marriage in a man's eye I seen it in his this minute!"

"Bruce!" cried Betty, starting up as Carrington approached. "Oh, Bruce, I am so glad you have come—you are not hurt?" She accepted his presence without question. She had needed him and he had not failed her.

"We are none of us hurt, Betty," he said gently, as he took her hand.

He saw that the suffering she had undergone during the preceding twenty-four hours had left its record on her tired face and in her heavy eyes. She retained a shuddering consciousness of the unchecked savagery of those last moments on the keel boat; she was still hearing the oaths of the men as they struggled together, the sound of blows, and the dreadful silences that followed them. She turned from him, and there came the relief of tears.

"There, Betty, the danger' is over now, and you were so brave while it lasted. I can't bear to have you cry!"

"I was wild with fear—all the time on the boat, Bruce—" she faltered between her sobs. "I didn't know but they would find you out. I could only wait and hope—and pray!"

"I was in no danger, dear. Didn't the girl tell you I was to take the place of a man Slosson was expecting? He never doubted that I was that man until a light—a signal it must have been—on the shore at the head of the bayou betrayed me."

"Where are we going now, Bruce? Not the way they went—" and Betty glanced out into the black void where the keel boat had merged into the gloom.

"No, no—but we can't get the raft back up-stream against the current, so the best thing is to land at the Bates' plantation below here; then as soon as you are able we can return to Belle Plain," said Carrington.

There was an interval broken only by the occasional sweep of the great steering oar as Cavendish coaxed the raft out toward the channel. The thought of Charley Norton's murder rested on Carrington like a pall. Scarcely a week had elapsed since he quitted Thicket Point and in that week the hand of death had dealt with them impartially, and to what end? Then the miles he had traversed in his hopeless journey up-river translated themselves into a division of time as well as space. They were just so much further removed from the past with its blight of tragic terror. He turned and glanced at Betty. He saw that her eyes held their steady look of wistful pity that was for the dead man; yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the bounds beyond which he would not let his imagination carry him, the future enriched with sudden promise unfolded itself. The deep sense of recovered hope stirred within him. He knew there must come a day when he would dare to speak of his love, and she would listen.

"It's best we should land at Bates' place—we can get teams there," he went on to explain. "And, Betty, wherever we go we'll go together, dear. Cavendish doesn't look as if he had any very urgent business of his own, and I reckon the same is true of Yancy, so I am going to keep them with us. There are some points to be cleared up when we reach Belle Plain—some folks who'll have a lot to explain or else quit this part of the state! And I intend to see that you are not left alone until—until I have the right to take care of you for good and all—that's what you want me to do one of these days, isn't it, darling?" and his eyes, glowing and infinitely tender, dwelt on her upturned face.

But Betty shrank from him in involuntary agitation.

"Oh, not now, Bruce—not now—we mustn't speak of that—it's wrong—it's wicked—you mustn't make me forget him!" she cried brokenly, in protest.

"Forgive me, Betty, I shall not speak of it again," he said.

"Wait, Bruce, and some time—Oh, don't make me say it," she gasped, "or I shall hate myself!" for in his presence she was feeling the horror of her past experience grow strangely remote, only the dull ache of her memories remained, and to these she clung. They were silent for a moment, then Carrington said:

"After I'm sure you'll be safe here perhaps I'll go south into the Choctaw Purchase. I've been thinking of that recently; but I'll find my way back here—don't misunderstand me—I'll not come too soon for even you, Betty. I loved Norton. He was one of my best friends, too," he continued gently. "But you know—and I know—dear, the day will come when no matter where you are I shall find you again—find you and not lose you!"

Betty made no answer in words, but a soft and eloquent little hand was slipped into his and allowed to rest there.

Presently a light wind stirred the dense atmosphere, the mist lifted and enveloped the shore, showing them the river between piled-up masses of vapor. Apparently it ran for their raft alone. It was just twenty-four hours since Carrington had looked upon such another night, but this was a different world the gray fog was unmasking—a world of hopes, and dreams, and rich content. Then the thought of Norton—poor Norton—who had had his world, too, of hopes and dreams and rich content—

The calm of a highly domestic existence had resumed its interrupted sway on the raft. Mr. Cavendish, associated in Betty's memory with certain ear-splitting manifestations of ferocious rage, became in the bosom of his family low-voiced and genial and hopelessly impotent to deal with his five small sons; while Yancey was again the Bob Yancy of Scratch Hill; violence of any sort had no place in his nature. He was deeply absorbed in Hannibal's account of those vicissitudes which had befallen him during their separation. They were now seated before a cheerful fire that blazed on the hearth, the boy very close to Yancy with one hand clasped in the Scratch Hiller's, while about them were ranged the six small Cavendishes sedately sharing in the reunion of uncle and nevvy, toward which they felt they had honorably labored.

"And you wa'n't dead, Uncle Bob?" said Hannibal with a deep breath, viewing Yancy unmistakably in the flesh.

"Never once. I been floating peacefully along with these here titled friends of mine; but I was some anxious about you, son."

"And Mr. Slosson, Uncle Bob—did you smack him like you smacked Dave Blount that day when he tried to steal me?" asked Hannibal, whose childish sense of justice demanded reparation for the wrongs they had suffered.

Mr. Yancy extended a big right hand, the knuckle of which was skinned and bruised.

"He were the meanest man I ever felt obliged fo' to hit with my fist, Nevvy; it appeared like he had teeth all over his face."

"Sho'—where's his hide, Uncle Bob?" cried the little Cavendishes in an excited chorus. "Sho'—did you forget that?" They themselves had forgotten the unique enterprise to which Mr. Yancy was committed, but the allusion to Slosson had revived their memory of it.

"Well, he begged so piteous to be allowed fo' to keep his hide, I hadn't the heart to strip it off," explained Mr. Yancy pleasantly. "And the winter's comin' on—at this moment I can feel a chill in the air—don't you all reckon he's goin' to need it fo' to keep the cold out? Sho', you mustn't be bloody-minded!"

"What was it about Mr. Slosson's hide, Uncle Bob?" demanded Hannibal. "What was you a-goin' to do to that?"

"Why, Nevvy, after he beat me up and throwed me in the river, I was some peevish fo' a spell in my feelings fo' him," said Yancy, in a tone of gentle regret. He glanced at his bruised hand. "But I'm right pleased to be able to say that I've got over all them oncharitable thoughts of mine."

"And you seen the judge, Uncle Bob?" questioned Hannibal.

"Yes, I've seen the judge. We was together fo' part of a day. Me and him gets on fine."

"Where is he now, Uncle Bob?"

"I reckon he's back at Belle Plain by this time. You see we left him at Raleigh along after noon to 'tend to some business he had on hand. I never seen a gentleman of his weight so truly spry on his legs—and all about you, Nevvy; while as to mind! Sho'—why, words flowed out of him as naturally as water out of a branch."

Of Hannibal's relationship to the judge he said nothing. He felt that was a secret to be revealed by the judge himself when he should see fit.

"Uncle Bob, who'm I going to live with now?" questioned Hannibal anxiously.

"That p'int's already come up, Nevvy—him and me's decided that there won't be no friction. You-all will just go on living with him."

"But what about you, Uncle Bob?" cried Hannibal lifting a wistful little face to Yancy's.

"Oh, me?—well, you-all will go right on living with me."

"And what will come of Mr. Mahaffy?"

"I reckon you-all will go right on living with him, too."

"Uncle Bob, you mean you reckon we are all going to live in one house?"

"I 'low it will have to be fixed that-a-ways," agreed Yancy.

To Be Continued

HOW TO CURE PORK.

Satisfactory Plan of Fayetteville, Ark., Man.

Prof. H. S. Mobley, Fayetteville, Ark., has used for years a system of curing meat that has been followed with success in his family in Virginia from generation to generation since colonial days. It has been tested by a hundred of people in many southern states, and every one has found it more reliable for home curing than any other method. Prof. Mobley furnished his method to the agricultural department of the Rock Island lines for distribution.

A day should be selected for killing when the temperature is low enough to insure a thorough cooling by the following morning, the hogs being dressed and hung over night.

On the morning of the day the hogs are killed, for each 40 pounds of meat make a brine as follows: Twenty gallons of rain water, 30 pounds of salt, 8 ounces of baking soda, 10 pounds of brown sugar, 1 gallon of molasses (use good molasses, not the adulterated kind). This fluid should be boiled and skimmed in the morning and left to cool in a shady place. When cool, add 5 ounces of saltpeter. Dissolve the saltpeter in warm water and stir thoroughly.

The following morning cut up the hogs as usual, and pack in barrels. Put the sides of the meat or middlings in the bottom and skin side down. Weight the meat down well and pour the brine over until the meat is completely covered. Then cover the top of the barrel with some good thick covering that will prevent evaporation.

Look at the meat often enough to see that the brine has not evaporated so as to leave any meat exposed. If it should become exposed, more brine should be added. The meat can be left in the brine indefinitely, but if it is desired to smoke the meat, it should be taken out in about six weeks.

If our southern farmers will use this method and cure their own meat at home, they will save a neat sum each year.

If it has been your custom to put up the supply of family meat by curing it with dry salt, and you do not care to risk all of it by another method, then try a barrel or two, using the above plan, and compare the results.

Dignity is what some people stand on when they are short.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WITH NEIGHBORING EXCHANGES.

Notes and Comments About Matters of Local Interest.

Rock Hill Record, March 2: A country wagon, drawn by four mules, became stalled in the quagmire yesterday afternoon in front of Mr. J. N. McElwee's residence on Main street. The driver had to unload his wagon before the horses could get it out of the mud. This is quite an unusual occurrence.

Lancaster News, March 2: A southbound freight train ran off the track just south of town Tuesday night, smashing up several cars and blocking the track so that the early morning train from Rock Hill could not get through to Columbia by this route, but took the short cut on the main line of the Southern by way of Chester and Winnsboro. The track has been cleared and the trains are now running as usual.....Mr. W. B. Blackmon and Miss Mary Bell Graham, daughter of Mr. Alex Graham were married Sunday, by Rev. J. F. Hammond.

Gastonia Gazette, March 2: A marriage of some interest to people in this community was solemnized Wednesday morning at 10.30 at the home of Mr. T. H. Royster, Bessemer City. The contracting parties were Miss Bessie McKeown and Mr. William B. McKeown of Lancaster, S. C. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. M. Hobbs, pastor of the local Baptist church, assisted by Rev. J. F. Harrelson. Mr. and Mrs. McKeown will live in the country about nine miles from Lancaster, S. C.....Marriage licenses have been issued as follows: J. B. Lutz of Gastonia, and I. B. Friday of Gaston county; Thomas J. Matthews of Rome, Ga., and Grace Berry of Granite Falls; H. G. Rhyne of McAdenville and Fannie Mauney of Cherryville.

Gaston Progress, March 2: The trial of C. S. Hagar for murder, was begun in the superior court yesterday morning. The charges against Mr. Hagar, who was formerly chief of police at Bessemer City, grew out of the killing of E. E. Lockman, some months ago. It will be remembered that Lockman was shot in a difficulty which occurred with the officer when he attempted to arrest another party, in which it is stated Lockman interfered. The trial, which is being closely contested by both sides, will probably occupy the remainder of the week.....A collie dog belonging to the family of Rev. J. G. Graham, a Baptist preacher of King's Mountain, developed hydrophobia some time last week, though it was not noticed particularly until Friday afternoon, February 24, when it bit Mr. Graham, his 17-months-old child, and the colored cook, also Louise O'Farrell, the 13-year-old daughter of Capt. and Mrs. O. G. O'Farrell of that place. It also developed later that Master Hugh Ormand, the 12-year-old son of Capt. and Mrs. B. M. Ormand, had also been bitten by the same dog earlier in the week. Captains O'Farrell and Ormand were not at home at the time of the accidents, being on their regular runs on the Southern railway, between Charlotte and Seneca and Charlotte and Spartanburg, respectively. Dr. Hood was called Saturday to look at the dog and after as careful examination as possible under the circumstances, he pronounced the dog mad and killed it; Capt. O'Farrell taking its head to the Pasteur institute of Atlanta, on Saturday night, for a final test, and yesterday, Monday afternoon, telephoned that the officials of the institute had pronounced the dog suffering from rabies. Immediately upon receipt of this information Mr. and Mrs. Graham, their baby and their colored cook, accompanied by Captain Ormand, who had with him his little son, Hugh, and the young daughter of Captain and Mrs. O'Farrell, left last night for Atlanta to undergo treatment.

Chester Lantern, March 2: A special called meeting of city council was held at the city hall at 10.30 this morning for the purpose of taking action upon the city's connection with the present condition of the local company of the National Guard. Colonel W. W. Lewis of the 1st regiment, came down from Yorkville this morning to attend the meeting and Captain McKeown of the local company, was also present. It appears that the present situation is distinctly unsatisfactory to the state and Federal military authorities, to the city of Chester, and to the officers and men of the company itself. The city authorities and lessees of the opera house have experienced some annoyance from members of the company, while Captain McKeown is dissatisfied with the present insecurity of the company's property for which he is personally responsible under bond, and Colonel Lewis expresses decided disapproval of the company's members being so widely scattered and the commanding officer, Captain McKeown, not having his residence in the city. The council itself has, of course, no voice in actual company affairs, but is concerned only with the control of the armory, which is the property of the city. After quite a lengthy discussion, the following motion by A. L. Gaston, was passed: "Resolved: That the use of the armory is hereby granted to the local company of the National Guard of South Carolina for military purposes, subject to the right at all times of the city of Chester to regulate by ordinance the conduct of those so using this property and to police the said property, provided, that the armory shall not be used for any other purpose except upon the joint consent of the captain of the company and the mayor of the city, and in case of such other use a small rental shall be agreed upon by the mayor and the captain to go to the company to defray expense of janitor's service and lighting and heating of the armory." Captain McKeown, who has made application for retirement, stated he would be glad to continue in office until his successor could be duly elected, and the continuing in existence of the company now turns upon the selection of a commanding officer who will meet with the approval of the higher military authorities. Colonel Lewis said that he will refuse to approve for this office any one who is not a resident of the city, deeming that such residence is absolutely essential to the maintenance of proper discipline and to the readiness of the company to respond in case of emergency. Colonel Lewis will return to Chester next week when the question of the selection of the company's captain will be decided, and it appears now as if the continuation of the company depends upon what is done upon his next visit.

CURIOSITIES OF DREAMING.

The Capriciousness of the Mind of a Sleeper is a Perplexing Problem.

That a thing to be remarkable need not be of rare occurrence finds ample confirmation in dreams, than which nothing incident to human existence is more common or more wonderful. Some years ago a New Yorker dreamed that he had written a poem, and, waking, he wrote it down. It was pronounced excellent by competent judges. Afterward he was unable to make two lines rhyme. "Kubla Khan," one of the finest specimens of imaginative poetry in the English language, was composed by Coleridge during sleep. All the horrible phantoms playing a part in "The Mysteries of Udolpho," once the most popular of sensational novels, were first seen by its author in dreams. That they might be generated, it is said, she was accustomed to eat a hearty meal of the most indigestible food just previous to retiring for the night.

In 1713 the eminent violinist Tartini dreamed that he had an interview with Satan, when his majesty performed a magnificent solo on the violin. Tartini waked with the most exquisite sensations, and, seizing his instrument, attempted to express what he had dreamed. His efforts were in vain, but he composed on the remembered theme a bit he called "The Devil's Sonata."

A strange characteristic of dreams is the rapidity with which thoughts flash through the mind of the dreamer. Lord Holland, while listening to the reading of a friend, dropped asleep and had a dream whose details it took him twenty minutes to write out. Yet he distinctly remembered the first part of one and the conclusion of the following sentence that his friend had read, so he could not have been asleep but a few seconds. The poet Willis, having returned from Europe, dreamed of repeating the trip almost exactly as he made it; only, on his imaginary voyage homeward he fell into the ocean. This casualty waked him, to find that he had slept not more than three minutes.

The most perplexing feature of dreams is the capriciousness of the mind as shown therein. It may have been busy during the day with thoughts of importance, but when it dreams it will seize on some trivial incident and allow it to shape its fancies. An English student of psychology once made an interesting experiment to ascertain whether an idea that absorbed his mind during the day would influence his dreams at night.

He fixed his thoughts intently during the day upon the subject of polar bears. He shut himself in his room and read all the books of natural history he had which described the appearance and habits of these animals. He carefully excluded from his mind every other idea, and the last thing he remembered before he fell asleep at night was an immense bear crawling out of the water upon a cake of ice. But, instead of dreaming of bears, he dreamed that he was on board a sailing vessel on a whaling voyage. A whale was seen to blow. He entered the whale boat with the crew and the duty of harpooning the monster fell to his lot. He grasped the harpoon and, just as the boat was gliding over the back of the whale, he threw the implement with all his might. But at the same time he lost his balance and fell into the whale's mouth, and with a cry of terror he awoke.

For some time he was exceedingly puzzled to account for this dream, which seemed to have had no material part in his past consciousness from which it could have been fashioned. But after much thought he recollected that in one of the books he had read the day before there was a large picture of a group of polar bears disporting themselves on the ice, while at the four corners of the engraving were smaller sketches representing scenes in northern seas. One of these scenes was the picture of a whaling vessel with a whaleboat just being lowered from the davits. His eye must have been attracted to this picture, if only for a second, and in some mysterious way the dream was fashioned from these meager materials.

Not satisfied with this result, he made the same experiment for several successive days. Each day he made some one subject an absorbing study, taking particular pains to repeat to himself just before he fell asleep the topic upon which his mind had been engaged. And even then a number of incidental circumstances that had not been in his mind for weeks entered into his dreams in such a manner as greatly to confuse them.

In one instance he was unable to trace any connection whatever between his dream and his previous waking thoughts. Finally, he gave over the attempt, thinking it probable that the very intentness of his mind on one subject thwarted its own purpose. The mind may have tired of that order of thought during the day and relaxed at night by taking a different order of thought.—New York Press.

The State Warehouse Commission.—Frankly, we don't think very much of the three commissioners elected by the legislature to have charge of the state warehouse system. As the Hon. Jno. L. McLaurin was the originator of the scheme and drew the bill, it does seem that the legislature would have done him the honor of making him chairman of the commission, especially as he is one of the largest farmers in the state and a most energetic and capable business man. Yet his name was not even mentioned in connection with the place. Of course the election of Messrs. McCown, Clinkscales and Horlbeck may turn out all right, and we hope it will.—Bamberg Herald.

☞ Talk is said to be cheap, but did you ever take into consideration the actual cost of a session of congress?

TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMEN.

Now Recognized as Man's Equal as Never Before.

It wasn't like this in old King Ptolemy's time!

It wasn't like it in King Richard's day.

Nor in King George's day.

Woman didn't count for much before the law or in the social scheme of things. She was more or less of a chattel. This seems to be one of the features of most old civilizations.

But the rise of woman as a power equal to that of man has been steady and strong. Today women are almost on an equal basis with men in the business world. They have created a society of their own; they are delving in politics, and the recent suffrage victory in Colorado has brought man to earth with a dull thud.

What will be the outcome? Will woman evolve from the chattel she was in the dark ages into the eventual ruler of the world? Will she keep on going forward and eventually supersede man? Figures indicate that this may come to pass—say, a couple or so thousand years from now.

Among the Amercan Indians the squaws do all the work, are beaten and treated only as beasts. This is taken as an example of a trace of the primitive.

The cave man had no use for his mate except as a creature to bear offspring, to feed him, and to give him an outlet for his wrath.

The great Roman civilization did not always recognize the social equality of woman, and certainly she was a legal nonentity. The husband was all in all. When the dark ages threw their mantle over Europe and the learning of the world was sealed up in Latin, men went to war and left women behind as weaklings, inferior, mainly because they could not fight in the wars. Their courage was considered of doubtful quality and often their sincerity and patriotism were questioned.

But gradually woman has changed. Education was given woman 200 or 300 years ago, and then she made more progress in the world than she had ever made in the 4,000 years previous.

Among the Egyptians, and later among the Greeks, women were not wooed and won. The first form of trade was bartering, and women were the first property used in exchange. A girl was considered the absolute property of her father, or, if he were dead, of her brother or uncle, until she was married. Then her husband had the same authority over her that her father once had, even of life and death. When daughters inherited property they usually received less than the sons.

At first love and sympathy were elements not recognized in marriage. This is well proven by the fact that brides were either stolen or purchased and the men and women scarcely knew each other. At one time respect for women was common in Egypt, and at one time women controlled property and enjoyed a certain amount of independence.

But there are still many countries today where men dictate and the women must obey; where they rule the women must yield. If these women arouse the anger of their "masters" they are flogged. Their part is to look after their households, to relieve their husbands of all responsibility, and virtually to be their slaves. The Hottentots are so cold and indifferent to one another that love is unknown to them. The Kaffirs of South Africa buy their wives with cattle, and often prize their herds above their wives.

In Australia a woman suffers complete subjection among the primitives.

According to old Roman law, upon marriage all of a woman's property, real and personal, and all she subsequently acquired by gift or will or her own labor was absolutely in her husband's control and subject to his debts. This was largely true according to the early English law. He could will it as he pleased, and if he died intestate it passed with his own property to his heir. It gave a widow the right of dower, which meant one-third of her husband's fortune and real estate. There are many parts of Europe where the old law exists that a woman's dowry passes into her husband's control as soon as they are married.

In the United States the laws are different in different states, though most protect a woman's fortune, whether she inherits or acquires it by her own work. In the District of Columbia the property, real, personal and mixed, belonging to a woman at the time of her marriage, and all such property which she may acquire or receive after her marriage from any person whomsoever by her own skill, labor, or personal exertion, shall be her own property as absolutely as if she were unmarried. She shall be protected from the debts of her husband and shall not in any way be liable for the payment thereof.

The laws of Colorado are liberal in giving a married woman the fruits of her own labor. Her wages and labor belong to her as much as if she were single.

Even more interesting is the question of the guardianship of children. In the early history of America most states gave the guardianship of the children to the father. It is of recent development to give the mother equal right with the father in the guardianship of minor children. This privilege is granted in a number of states, such as Colorado, Kansas, Maine, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. In the main the preference is still given to the father. Still, the law is gradually coming to consider marriage a mutual relation and obligation, instead of the privileges going to one side and the responsibilities to the other.

The constitution of the state of California simply declares that no person shall be disqualified because of sex from entering or pursuing any lawful business, vocation or profession. Illinois and Washington grant all privileges, but hold the right to make provisions guarding women at their work.

The state of Illinois declares that no person shall be precluded or debarred from any occupation, profession or employment, except military. The state of Washington says that every avenue of employment shall be open to women, and that this shall not be construed to mean working on roads or to serve on the juries of the state.

Woman today is given a fair part of her husband's property. In most of the states when a man dies his wife gets one-third of his wealth. They make husband and wife share alike to one-half of the property and fortune.

In the state of Illinois a surviving wife or husband is endowed of a third part of all the real estate of which the other dies possessed. If a husband or wife dies without their having any offspring the surviving one receives in addition one-third of the personal estate absolutely.

If, however, there are no lineal descendants, the widow or widower receives one-half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate.

Some states, such as Colorado and Mississippi, make no distinction between husband and wife. They have abolished dower. If either husband or wife dies intestate without leaving children or descendants the entire estate, real and personal, goes to the survivor. If there are one or more children or descendants by this or a former marriage the surviving wife or husband has a share of both the real and personal estate.

In most of the states men and women are allowed the same freedom in disposing of their property. The law usually reads as if she were a single woman. Where the law does not expressly declare this to be the rule it is generally implied if there is no provision to the contrary.

A married woman may make a will where an expressed power to will separate estate is reserved or granted to her in the instrument creating her estate or by a marriage contract in the states of Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Kentucky.

Industrial changes, especially for women, have done much to change and broaden the laws. The following statistics are taken from the United States bureau report: The number of women employed in the United States in the different occupations is about 4,833,840. About 68 per cent of these are under 35 years of age. During twenty years the number of women employed in the different occupations has doubled. Out of the 303 occupations listed, women in the United States are employed in all excepting nine.

The same advance has taken place in education. In 1790 girls were allowed to go to school two hours a day, in the afternoon, during the summer months, providing there were enough boys absent to make room. Now girls are allowed in every grammar and high schools in the Union. There are few colleges and universities that still close their doors to women.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

Maybe the People Will Get Their Man And Maybe Not.

Among the Democratic candidates, it may be said that Woodrow Wilson's strength is his weakness. Because he is admittedly the strongest candidate, there is danger that the other candidates may combine against him to prevent his getting the necessary two-thirds vote, knowing that at least one of the smaller candidates would profit by the big candidate's downfall. The professional politicians in the party—those who believe in spoils and in "rewarding friends" and who therefore dislike Woodrow Wilson's policy of considering the public good rather than the claims of party workers—these men will doubtless prefer to rally to an easy-going and rather colorless candidate like Champ Clark. But while Mr. Clark is "from Missouri," so are the people; and if they ask to be "shown," they are likely to find that he is by no means the big man he has recommended himself to be. In a recent speech in Pennsylvania he took great credit to himself for the splendid leadership of the Democratic party in the house, when as a matter of fact, every well-informed man knows that the real leader of the house and the man who deserves the credit is Oscar Underwood of Alabama. Speaker Clark is really little more than a handsome figurehead. As Representative Nicholas Longworth declared the other day:

"As an amalgamator of opposing opinions, as a trainer and master of discordant and ordinarily utterly unmanageable elements, the renowned Prof. Hagenbeck is a child compared to the gentleman from Alabama. When he pipes his colleagues dance. I will go further and say that when he pipes they not only dance, but they lie down, roll over, and play dead."

It is said on high authority that the great brewing interests, not only of Missouri but also of Wisconsin, are backing Clark because of their opposition to Woodrow Wilson's friendly attitude toward prohibition. Nor should it be forgotten that Speaker Clark, in his ambition to curry favor with the old soldier vote of the north, specifically ordered the clerk to call his name in order that he might be recorded as voting in favor of the disgraceful Sherwood "dollar-a-day" pension steal against which the conscience of the nation has revolted. As one of the ablest Washington correspondents declared the other day:

"While Mr. Clark might prove available in the convention, independent observers believe he would prove the weakest of all the Democratic candidates, if chosen as the party nominee."

In the Oklahoma convention neither the supporters of Mr. Clark nor those of Governor Wilson were able to secure a majority and the delegation was equally divided between them.—Progressive Farmer.

True To His Promise.—"Dearest, will you let me share your every sorrow after we are married?" she whispered as she cuddled her cheek against his.

"Yes, darling," he replied, again plucking a delicious kiss from her sweet lips.

It was the same lady who two years later wearily cried out:

"Oh, Tom, why can't you ever come into the house without bringing a tale of trouble with you? I'm so sick of hearing about how hard you have to work to keep the bills paid."